WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 23—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1804. NO. 804.

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

LETTER XXVI.

M. RICHTER TO M. BERNSTORF.

Luneburg.

AFTER so long an interval of time, and so long an abſence—an abſence of four tedious years, welcome, my dear friend, to your native country! I have received letters from you from Lyons, Paris, Calais, and London; but letters are only like the portraits of a deceaſed friend. Welcome, therefore, to this country, where I can again ſee, and hear and embrace you, with that friendſhip which I muſt ever feel towards you!

I ſhall not, however, viſit you as yet, dear Bernſtorf; for I have to act the part of the good Samaritan, and daily bind up the wounds of a poor old man who has fallen among thieves: my unfortunate brother-in-law. In a letter which I wrote to you a long time ſince, you may remember that I told you he was engaged in ſome dangerous ſpeculation, with the extent of which, however, I was but very imperfectly acquainted. His adventure to China miſcarried, and the total failure of that to America gave him the final blow. My brother's houſe fell, but he himſelf did not fall. He never appeared greater than when he was poor. He might have ſaved a conſiderable part of his property, as hundreds have done in ſuch caſes, by not being too ſcrupulouſly honeſt; and to this the greater part of his friends, and eſpecially his daughter, earneſtly adviſed him.

"No ſaid he, taking off his cap, and ſhowing his grey hairs; "theſe have grown grey with honor, and with honor ſhall they go with me to the grave.—All is loſt!" added he, with a heavy ſigh, while a tear ſtarted into each eye.

"Dear father!" exclaimed his daughter, anxiouſly, "you may eaſily ſave a hundred thouſand dollars."

"Daughter," ſaid he, almoſt ſternly, "I muſt ſave my honor; that is of more conſequence than my property. His daughter and moſt of his friends left the room, murmuring aloud at his obſtinacy, which refuſed to be adviſed. At length none remained with him but myſelf, his principal clerk, and Judith.

"What!" ſaid he, "have all left me?" And looking on us, one after the other, at laſt exclaimed—"Poor Judith?" This ſentiment of generous compaſſion for the helpleſs Judith greatly moved me. I threw myſelf into the old man's arms, and preſſed him eagerly to my heart. "You then approve of what I do?" ſaid he,

"Brother," anſwered I, "Heaven is my witneſs that I have the higheſt eſteem for you; and I now earneſtly entreat you for your friendſhip—the friendſhip of a worthy man———"

"Of a poor man!" replied he, mournfully, and gave me his hand.

Every thing was now ſealed up, and taken poſſeſſion of for the creditors. I deſired him to leave all that was to be done to the management of his clerk and me; and to this he readily conſented, for he was himſelf unable to act. He expreſſed a wiſh to leave the houſe, and to this I could not object. A coach was procured, and he went into it with Judith. I accompanied them, to ſoften, as far as might be in my power, the harſh ſcenes which I expected to follow.

His daughter received him with great apparent kindneſs. He ſaid—"I am come, daughter, to take refuge with you.' She anſwered—"Though I am very ſorry to ſee you in ſuch a ſituation, you are welcome, deareſt father!"

Poor Judith, at the moment, excited my compaſſion the moſt. She ſtood in in the humbleſt attitude, and called up into her countenance—which, indeed, generally reſembled that of a criminal hearing the condemned ſermon—all the gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion of which it was capable.

The huſband of the daughter ſhowed his father-in-law to a chamber, and the daughter now caſt her eyes on Judith and me.

"I muſt tell you this, Judith," ſaid ſhe, in a commanding tone, "that while you are here in my houſe, you are not to ſpeak without you are ſpoken to, nor to intermeddle in what does not concern you."—(Poor Judith very humbly made a curtſey, but with tears in her eyes.)—"And as to your ſermon-books and hymn books, you may read them to yourſelf if you pleaſe; but you muſt not think to teaſe other people with your nonſenſe."—(Judith curtſied again.)—"As for that ugly creature, your dog Mopſy, I will not have him in my houſe at all."

"Dear madam," ſaid Judith—in a low and ſupplicatory tone of voice, and looking fondly on her dog, who growled and ſhowed his teeth at the miſtreſs of the houſe, and then laid him down on the velvet ſlipper of his benefactreſs,—"I have been uſed ſo much to the poor animal, I cannot bear to think that he ſhould be turned out to ſtarve. I will take care he ſhall never be troubleſome to you. Heaven knows, I and my poor dog may not live long?"

"No matter for that," ſaid the ill-natured woman: "I muſt bear with you; but I am not obliged to be plagued with your dog."

"And you, uncle———" ſaid ſhe, turning to me.

"Well: and what of me, niece? anſwered I, interrupting her.

"Why," ſaid ſhe, not a little confuſed, "on occaſions like theſe, there is no harm in people's knowing what they are to expect from each other. You certainly are extremely welcome: you are the brother of my mother———"

"Who had a heart very different from yours," ſaid I, haſtily. "But I will tell you what you are to expect from me. If you do not thank Heaven, with tears of joy, that you are in a condition to ſupport your father and your aunt in their old age, and to comfort them under their misfortunes, or if you ever ſpeak a harſh word to either of them,—you are worſe than the dog, Mopſy, you pretend to hate; for he loves and is grateful to his benefactreſs.—As to myſelf, I would rather take the place of a galley-ſlave than be dependent on you for your bread of charity. This, niece, is what you have to expect from me. And, Judith," added I, "If they will not admit you here with your dog, you ſhall come to me, and I will find means to maintain you. So long as I have a morſel of bread, neither you nor your Mopſy ſhall want for a part of it."

My brother-in law now returned, and heard my laſt words. "What is the matter?" aſked he.

"Your daughter there," anſwered I, "is making conditions with Judith and her dog."

He groaned. "Where I am," ſaid he, "there ſhall Judith be, and her dog too"

The daughter bluſhed, and was ſilent. After ſome pauſe, he aſked—"Did you hear what I ſaid?"

"Yes," ſaid the daughter.

She kiſſed his hand with feigned humility. "Dear father," ſaid ſhe, "I have received every thing from you; do not doubt my gratitude of my affection."

"If I did doubt them," ſaid he, more mildly, "I ſhould not be here. I think, child, you love me, and would not ſink me deeper into affliction."

Judith now received ſome more friendly glances from her niece, but I could plainly ſee what was like y to enſue. Poor Judith in this ſituation certainly thought of her latter end, and of leaving this wicked world, with more ſatisfaction than ſhe had ever done before. I ſoon after took my leave.

The next day my nephew came to the town, and entreated me to endeavor to perſuade his father to admit him to ſpeak to him. But the bankruptcy, of which the ſon, though without knowing it, has been in ſome meaſure the occaſion, has increaſed the obſtinacy of my brother-in law in this reſpect. This is not the time to replace affection for his ſon in his heart. He has given his daughter every thing, and rejected his ſon; and to juſtify what he has done he muſt perſevere in his ſeverity. This I told his ſon; but he ſtill perſiſted in his deſire to ſpeak to his father. I therefore took him with me to his ſiſter's houſe, and went and informed his father that he was there, and earneſtly wiſhed to ſee him.

"What does he want?" ſaid he, diſcontentedly, but not angrily.

"He wiſhes," ſaid I, "to aſſure you of his affection, and to offer you what property he has."

"Oh!" ſaid he, coldly, "I have my daughter to depend on. I cannot ſee him. Tell him ſo."

"Brother," ſaid I, "do not reject your ſon's heart when he offers it."

He was ſilent for a moment and then ſaid——

"I have only a daughter. You may tell him, in my name, that I wiſh him all happineſs, but that I will not ſee him."

I left him and perſuaded the ſon to deſiſt from making any further application, and he went away with a heavy heart. The old man muſt ſuffer ſtill greater loſſes, before he can learn to ſet a proper value on an affectionate heart.

To-day a fortnight has elapſed ſince my brother removed to his daughter's houſe, and every thing has a very unſatisfactory appearance. Judith looks pale and dejected, and I have been obliged to take her dog to keep, which ſhe could not part from without tears. To her father, the daughter as yet behaves tolerably kindly, at leaſt he is very cheerful while I am with him. I fear however, that he only feigns not to perceive his daughter's ill humor, and conceals his mortification, that he may not be obliged to confeſs he has been in the wrong. Things cannot continue thus long. The old man has been uſed to command; and, when he gives any orders in his accuſtomed

manner, his daughter shows clearly enough, by her looks and gestures, how little she is pleased with being commanded by one she has nothing more to expect from. Shame and fear of the reproaches of the world have hitherto restrained her within bounds, in the same manner as the father is restrained by the fear of being compelled to confess that he has acted wrong; but when these restraints are broken through, what will then follow? I the other day, told my niece, that not a penny had been saved of all her father's property.

"What!" said she, discontentedly, nothing!—Has he saved nothing? Well—this was he who would always be master in his own house, forsooth!"

"A very kind remark, indeed!" said I. "Out with your poor father into the street, since you cannot hope to get another sixty thousand dollars.

Such is this daughter, for whom my obstinate brother rejects the proffered affection of his son. She will soon, I doubt not, show herself to him true colors. Farewell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ATROCIOUS MURDERERS

ON the 6th of March a gentleman was accosted in the street of St. Martin, at Paris, by a beautiful little girl, about six years of age. She was covered with rags, and told him that her mother was dying for want, in the floor of a house, in the same street, and that for herself, she had not eat a morsel for forty-eight hours. Touched with compassion, the gentleman said he would follow her home, and if he found her story true, would relieve her and her mother. On entering the room, he saw a woman lying on a bed, on some straw, instead of a matrass. Her looks and voice seemed to confirm the story of the child. In taking his purse from his pocket, it fell by accident on the floor; stooping to take it up, he saw clearly a man under the bed. Alarmed, but without losing presence of mind, he said—"Good woman, here are four crowns, I have no more about me, but let your child accompany me home, I will give her twenty more."—Instead of returning to his lodings, he took the child to a Police Commissary, where after some examination, she acknowledged that the person under the bed was her father, and that within the last fortnight, during which they had lodged in the street St. Martin, six persons had been stabbed by him, plundered and stripped; that two corpses had been carried out by him after dark, some nights before, and thrown into the river, but that four corpses yet remained in the closet behind the bed. The Police Commissary, with the gentleman, and some Gens d' Armes went immediately to the house but they found nothing but the four corpses in the closet. The man and woman are gone, and have not since been heard of. In consequence of the discovery made by the child six former lodgings of this cruel couple have been tracted, where according to her report, and several other circumstances within the knowledge of the Police, during the last winter, no less than twenty two persons of both sexes are supposed to have been murdered by them. It was the custom for the woman, as from gratitude, to take hold of her benefactor's hands, and draw them to her lips as she lay in bed, when the man stood behind and stapped them through their backs. Mad. Murat has taken the child under her protection, and pays for her education.

SCRAP—CROWDED towns, and busy societies, may delight the unthinking and the gay; but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

VERSES ON SPRING.

HAIL! lovely season, charming Spring,
Adorn'd with flowers of every hue;
Thy birth the feather'd songsters sing
Beneath Heav'n's canopy of blue.

Close at thy heels attends delight;
And now, too, Joy, and smiling Peace,
All deck'd in robes of heav'nly light,
Conspire thy beauty to increase.

At thy approach is heard the note,
The cuckoo's soft and pleasing voice;
From woods and hills its echos float—
Hills, woods, prolong the soothing noise.

The rustic leaves his lowly cot,
At sight of thee, to tread the green;
Though humble poverty's his lot,
He feels elate at such a scene.

He hears each songster of the wood
Give praise to Him who rules the year:—
Then looks around—sees all is good,
Of God—inspiring rev'rend fear.

And thus he reasons with his soul,
As 'long the greenward path he strays;
Or on the banks of some clear pool
Views the reflected solar rays:—

"What works are these around me spread?—
"Stupendous proofs of power Divine!
"Uncumber'd blessings on my head
"Are pour'd—in all his mercies shine!

"And can I midst these wonders dwell,
"Still hear the brute creation raise
"Their voice—the birds their warblings swell
"Yet silent keep my mite of praise?

"No!—rather let pulsation cease—
"Let in the dust my body lay—
"Than this frail tongue be slow to please,
"Adore, and praise, the God of Day!"

But, while we celebrate the sweets
Attendant on this transient Spring,
Far happier he whose warm heart beats
To raise where loud hosannas ring:

To him alike is ev'ry change—
He looks beyond this passing scene:
Above, his large ideas range,
In heav'nly fields of endless green!

[From the Columbian Centinel.]

TO AMANDUS.

DELIGHTFUL source of heart felt joy,
Is friendship's sacred flame,
A passion pure which ne'er can cloy,
But still remains the same.

Vain is the hope, that lustful love,
That tyrant of the breast,
In constancy can equal prove,
Or bear so strict a test.

Dear, faithful friend, whose tender care,
Whose smiles delight impart,
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue rare,
Which captivates the heart.

O! may we still in bonds entwin'd,
Of friendship firm and true,
Enjoy those pleasure of the mind,
Which virtuous souls pursue. AMICUS.

SCRAP.

UPON mature deliberation, I am come to this resolution, that for one man who speaks to be understood, there and ten talks only to be admired.

Life has, in allegory, been often represented by philosophers and poets under the similitude of a voyage. The original Greek has managed this figure with great dexterity.—Port Folio.

THUS sure I steer my bark, and sail,
On even kell, with gentle gale,
At helm I make my reason fit,
My crew of passions all submit;
If dark and blusterous prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights,
Experience holds the cautious glass
To shun the breakers as I pass,
And frequent throws the weary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid.

WHAT THEN!

AS a diligent use of these two words have been very beneficial to myself, I am convinced that, if they were properly regarded, they might be equally beneficial to others.

When I was seventeen years of age my father died, and left my mother with me and six other children in great distress. My aunt, offered to take me as a chambermaid. As I was lively, well shaped, and had a pleasing countenance, some of my friends disapproved my acceptance of this offer.

An old officer who had always been my father's friend, heard of it, and sent for me, advising me not to refuse it, conditionally that I would fortify myself daily by looking up to God for protection, and he added likewise, that he had prepared a faithful Monitor to accompany me at all times and in all places; to which if I paid a due regard, I should be preserved from the danger so much dreaded. He then gave me written in large on a card WHAT THEN? enjoining me always to have it about me, and frequently to reflect on it. He moreover charged me, that whenever any one flattered me by commending my person, discoursing amorously, or making love, as it is called, I should steadily reply WHAT THEN? and as often as any of them repeated their protestations of love, &c. I should as often repeat WHAT THEN?

I assured him I should endeavor to follow his advice, and accordingly I went to my aunt. I had soon many admirers, to whose addresses I always replied WHAT THEN? It had the intended effect; and thus I got rid of many vicious solicitations and impertinent lovers, and so preserved my character unsullied.

But I was once in very great danger; for a sprightly young farmer gained the possession of my heart, whose character and circumstances were such as in all probability might make the marriage state happy: he seemed very fond of me, and often professed how much he loved me, but never proposed marriage, I had therefore recourse to my faithful Monitor, and so repeatedly that I found him alarmed by it; for at length in answering WHAT THEN? he replied, "I mean to marry you." This he accordingly did. I am now very happily situated, which I attribute to the constant application to my Monitor.

This inestimable PRESERVATIVE I would recommend to all young women, to secure them against the various arts of seduction so frequently practised to the ruin of the unguarded. Consider well these two important words WHAT THEN? Pause a while—Beware—Resist the Temptation.—What must be the consequence of listening to these Seducers——Ah? WHAT THEN?

SELECTION.

THE vices and follies proceed from a man's incapacity of entertaining himself, and we are generally fools in company because we dare not be wise alone.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 9, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, Adults 18—*Children* 12—*Total* 30.

Captain Sanford, of the schooner Greyhound, arrived on Saturday, in 16 days from Cape-Francois, brings the melancholy intelligence of the massacre of all the white French inhabitants of St. Domingo. This bloody work commenced in Port-au-Prince about the middle of May.——An account of it was soon received and published at the Cape, and immediately after about five and twenty hundred persons, men women and children, indiscriminately, were deliberately massacreed there. It was general about the same time in every place where the blacks possess. It is evident, from the care with which they selected their victims, that the plan has been long formed, and deliberately matured.—None but French have suffered, and of them hardly one has escaped. Every care had been taken to prevent the white inhabitants from leaving the island; row boats were employed to board and examine every vessel going out of the harbor. A short time before the massacre took place thirty passengers were found in a schooner, which had gone out of the harbor, bound to St. Thomas, and, with the crew they were immediately put to death. At Port-au-Prince between five and six hundred persons fell under the bloody hatchet of the Haytians, and the warm stream of blood which ran from them, quenched the thirst of their murderers, who went on their knees to receive it. Dessalines has published a proclamation, justifying the extermination of the French, and offering fifteen days to the Spaniards, who occupy the eastern part of St. Domingo, to determine either to submit to him, or share the fate of the French, he has sixty thousand men ready to march against them, and is determined that no European shall hold an office of power on the island. "Toussaint," says he, "did his work by halves; but I will complete it."

On Wednesday, last week, Mr. James Campbell, of Newark, put an end to his existence by swallowing laudanum. The Coroner's inquisition set forth, that the deceased, being intoxicated with liquor, and instigated by one Arthur Perry, did drink two or four ounces of laudanum, which occasioned his disease. Perry and Campbell having determined to kill themselves, procured the medicine, and divided it equally; but Perry secretly conveyed his portion to that of Campbell's, and substituted spirits in its stead, by which, it is supposed, the whole laudanum was drank by Campbell, and he in a few hours expired. Perry has since been committed to goal.

[*From a late Paris paper.*]

"The chief of Battalion, Tauvernay, arrived lately from St. Domingo, at Paris. He had been absent fifteen months, and was, before his departure, bethrothed to Mademoiselle De Vernoi. At his return he hastened to see his mistress, and pressed her to fix the day of their marriage. The Sunday following was agreed on; and his sister was informed of the day that should make him happy. In one of those unguarded moments when the most prudent may err, Miss Tauvernay determined to try her brother's love, by giving him reason to be jealous of his mistress. She told him, that, an affectionate sister, she was sorry to see him so much attached to a lady who did not return his love; and, to convince him, she asked him the next day to be in the Bois de Boulogne, not far from La Bagatelle, and, at five, o'clock in the afternoon, he would undoubtedly find Mademoiselle De Vernois in her usual evening's walk, accompanied with her usual evening's companion. With an anxiety of mind easily to be imagined, he arrived at the fatal spot, where he had not been long before he saw his mistress, not only arm in arm with a genteel young man, but caressing him in a manner that would have bewildered an imagination less heated than his own. No sooner had his mistress and her companion passed his place of conceal ment, than he rushed forward, and shot them both through the head. But what was his surprise, after this desperate act, to find the supposed youth whom he had murdered as a rivil, was his own his own sister. He drew his sword and stabbed himself to the heart as a punishment for his jealousy and his crime. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to his sister, thanking her for her information, and bequeathing her all his property. Tauvernay was 27 years of age, Miss Tauvernay 21, and Mademoiselle De Vernois 19."

The following anecdote is mentioned of Toussaint: Shortly after Bonaparte appointed himself first Consul, he dispatched an officer in his confidence to St. Domingo, under the pretence of commercial business, but in reality for the purpose of learning the designs of the Negro-Chief. He soon became suspected by Toussaint, was invited by him to a grand dinner, at which all the general officers and magistrates were present. When the desert was served, Toussaint drew from his pocket two pistols, and placing them on his table before him, exclaimed, "In this assembly there is a spy." A dead silence was preserved. Toussaint then addressing himself to the officer, said "You are the man, and I should be justified in blowing out your brains" The officer raising with great composure, replied, "You may if you please; but it will be a useless crime." Toussaint surprised at the resolution of the man, after a short pause, said to him, "Give me your hand—you are a brave fellow. I know that Bonaparte, assoon as he has made peace in Europe, will send an army to subdue me, but I will laugh at all he can do.

LITERARY SELECTIONS.

THE balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with.

A sullen wise man is as bad as a good natured fool. Knowledge softened with complacency and good breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love.

A corps of sharp shooters, is about to be formed of black ey'd females of Fashion.

KNOWLEDGE and VIRTUE with BEAUTY join.

THAT the subscriber may contribute his mite to the promotion of so laudable a purpose, he has opened a MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, at his Academy, No 417 Pearl-street. Conscious of the important trust, and desirous of promoting future usefulness, he flatters himself those who are disposed to encourage him, will not find their confidence misplaced. The Young Ladies who attend day-school, and wish to attend to the morning occasionally, will be admitted gratis.

Morning hours from 6 to 8. Day do from 9 to 12 and 2 to 3.

The branches taught are Writing and Arithmetic on an improved plan, Grammar with investigations and elucidations of language, Geography and the use of the Globes

SAMUEL MOOR.

COURT OF HYMEN.

THE faithful hand doth unobserv'd impart
The tender feelings of the melting heart;
And oh! what bliss, when both alike are pleas'd,
The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's squeez'd.

A GOOD wife is "Heaven's last best gift to Man," his *angel and minister of graces* innumerable—his *gem of many virtues*—his *Pandora*, or casket of celestial jewels—her *presence* forms his best company—her *voice*, his sweetest music—her *smiles*, his brightest day—her *kiss*, the guardian of his innocence—her *arms*, the pales of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her *industry*, his surest wealth—her *economy*, his safest steward—her *lips*, his faithfulest counsellors—her *bosom*, the softest pillow of his cares—and her *prayers* the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. JOHN TROUT, to Miss POLLY BURGER, both of this city.

Same evening, SAMUEL BURRITT, Esq. to Miss ANN BURLING, daughter of Ebenezer Burling, all of this city.

THEATRE.

Mr. HALLAM

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his Benefit is fixed for Monday evening next, the 11th inst. when will be presented, a celebrated Comedy (*never performed here*) written by Shakspeare, called,

Twelfth Night;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

To which will be added, a celebrated Comedy, (*never performed here*) called the

HISTORY and EXPLOITS of the Renowned

Don Quixote,

With the Facetious Humors of his squire,
SANCHO PANZA,
Governor of Babataria.

JOHN HARRISSON,
Has for Sale,

Books and ***Stationary***

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

Also, a large assortment of

BLANKS *and* BLANK BOOKS.

PRINTING

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE IN A

HANDSOME STYLE,

At the shortest notice.

100 SPANISH DOLLARS for ONE SHILLING.

TO BE OBTAINED AT

READ's LOTTERY and INSURANCE OFFICE,

No 43 MAIDEN-LANE

Should be number purchased be the same as the last drawn Ticket on the last day of drawing, the fortunate holder will be entitled to the above ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. As the numbers decrease in the wheel, the premium will increase, but not for some days.

N. B. Cash for Prizes. Tickets examined.

COURT OF APOLLO.

MARIA:

AN IRISH TALE.

WHERE ſmiles around Erin on the weſtern gale,
Diſtreſs'd, pining, fair Maria rove;
Vent her ſad wailings in an artleſs tale,
And mourn the dread cataſtrophe of love.

No tinſel eloquence her plaints adorn---
In Nature's garb to paint her griefs ſhe choſe;
Oft to the winds ſhe'd thus relate, forlorn,
Her ſhort pathetic hiſtory of woes;---

"Ah! hapleſs Erin, from thy early birth
"Has diſcord hover'd o'er thy wretched land;
"Blighted the early buds of future worth,
"And ſtain'd with crimſon tents the hero's hand.

"But ſtill more hapleſs maid, who dar'd to feel
"The melting force of ſympathetic love?
"Created viſions of terreſtial weal,
"Which, all ideal, ineffectual prove!

"My William's boſom felt a gen'rous flame---
"Oft would his eye-balls in confuſion roll;
"And Liberty's enthuſiaſt ſtrong name
"Fir'd all the latent paſſions of his ſoul.

"Miſtaken boy'd, ill-fated youth, farewell!
"Cold are thy lips, and ſtifled is thy breath!---
"Thy injur'd country claim'd a dying knell,
"And doom'd thee, trembling, to a traitor's death!

"Now unbefriended will Maria roam---
"No ſoy an inmate of her tortur'd breaſt:
"Till, William meeting in a diſtant ſhore,
"She'll kiſs her ſorrows in eternal reſt!"

ANECDOTES.

CALISTO, an Athenian harlot, had the imprudence to tell Socrates, that her profeſſion was better than his; there was more force and perſuaſion in it, ſhe ſaid; for he could not draw away one of her gueſts, while it was in her power to thin his ſchool, and leave him nothing but the walls to talk to. Socrates gravely replied, that all ſhe ſaid might well be; for philoſophy was like tugging up the hill, and went ſomewhat againſt the grain; but lewdneſs was rolling downwards, and the motion might be pleaſant at firſt, though a man broke his bones at the bottom of the fall.

A few days ago, as a ſailor was travelling near the great road at Brotherton, a hare made an attempt to croſs the road, but was ſo confounded by two carriages at the ſame time paſſing, that ſhe ran ſo near the ſailor as enabled him to knock her down, which having done, he put it in his handkerchief, and travelled on; and ſoon after met with an honorable Baronet, particularly tenacious in the preſervation of his game, who immediately called out to the ſailor, "I ſay, man, is that your own hare?" and upon receiving no anſwer, the queſtion was twice repeated, at laſt the tar vociferated---d---n you, you lubber, do you ſuppoſe I wear a wig!"

LEE's LONDON LIQUID BLACKING.

Warranted not to injure the Leather.

THIS Blacking is eminently ſuperior to any ever offered for ſale in the United States, for beautifying and preſerving Boots and Shoes; it gives them a moſt excellent fine black gloſs, keeps them ſoft, ſmooth and pliable, prevents them from cracking, and never ſoils. It will alſo reſtore the gloſs on black morrocco, and give it all its original luſtre. Sold wholeſale and retail by C. LEE, at his Boot and Shoe ſtore, No. 120 Broadway, oppoſite the City Hotel.

N. B. Great allowance to thoſe who take to ſell again.

*** C. LEE has likewiſe on hand a good aſſortment, of gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, Ladies bed morrocco and Leather Slippers. 296---t. f.

MORALIST.

"Ideas of happineſs various amongſt Philoſophers."

THE end of philoſophy has ever been to make man happy; but the different ſects of philoſophers have fought this end by different ways. The Stoics pretended that the only means of finding it was to reſiſt every evil, to become inſenſible of miſery, pain, chagrin and, ſolicitude. They might be right; in fact, when we are free from all evil, happineſs comes of itſelf: but how great is the difficulty of being thus exempt, eſpecially when we do not think of preventing miſery, but wait its arrival with unconcern, and a ſtoic firmneſs. The Epicureans, on the contrary, ſought happineſs, and even pleaſures; but perhaps the more pleaſure is ſought after the leſs it is found. Let us be neither of one ſect or the other, but wiſely put away from ourſelves that which may become prejudicial; let us pave the way to happineſs, and to ſoft and peaceful pleaſures which it really conſiſts; but do not let us be anxious to call for it, neither fatigue ourſelves by running after riches or voluptouſneſs; theſe are like birds, which only require their neſts to be prepared, and which come of themſelves to depoſe their eggs in them.

To excreate the happineſs of thoſe who are about us, appears to me an excellent means of prolonging our own.

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE's improved ſhining liquid blacking for boots and ſhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is univerſally allowed the beſt ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it ſoft, ſmooth and beautiful to the laſt, and never ſoils. Black morocco that has loſt its luſtre is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. Sold wholeſale, retail, and for exportation by J. Tice, at his perfumery ſtore, No. 136 William-ſtreet, and by G. Camp No. 143 Pearl-ſtreet, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be ſigned J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewiſe for ſale, a general aſſortment of fumery of the firſt quality. Dec. 17.

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

W. S. TURNER, SURGEON DENTIST

Reſpectfully acquaints the ladies and gentleman of this city that he practices in all the various branches of his profeſſion. He fits Artificial Teeth with ſuch uncommon nicety as to anſwer all the uſeful purpoſes of nature, and of ſo neat an appearance that it is impoſſible to diſcern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every poſſible elegance to the fineſt ſet, without giving the leaſt pain, or incurring the ſlighteſt injury to the enamel. In the moſt raging Tooth-ache he can truly ſay, that his Tincture has very ſeldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from conſiderable ſtudy and practice) is attended with infinite eaſe and ſafety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their reſpective houſes, or he may be conſulted at No. 12 Dey-Street, where may be had, with directions, his Anti-ſcorbutic Tooth Powder, a moſt innocent preparation of his own, from Chemical and medical experience. It has been in great eſteem the laſt ten years, and is conſidered as pleaſant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth ſmooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (ſo much deſtructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a moſt deleſtable ſweetneſs.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouſe and Bookſtore No. 64 Maiden-lane.

January 20, 1804. 28 tf.

MORNING SCHOOL.

M. NASH reſpectfully informs his friends and employers, that his Select Seminary for Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen, will, on the firſt of May next, be removed to No. 303 Pearl-Street, corner of Ferry-Street. And likewiſe that he propoſes commencing a Morning School for Young Ladies at that place, provided a ſufficient number apply previous to the above date.

April 21, 1804 29 tf

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Roſe No. 114 Broadway, oppoſite the City-Hotel.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Roſes, ſo well known for clearing the ſkin from ſcurf, pimples, redneſs or ſunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preſerving the ſkin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to uſe after ſhaving,---with printed directions,---6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Graſſe, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His ſuperfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb ---do. Violet, double ſcented, 1s 6d.

His beautiful Roſe Powder, 2s. 6d.

Highly impr ed ſweet ſcented hard and ſoft Pomatums, 2s. per pot or roll, double, 3s.

His white almond Waſh Ball, 2s. and 3s each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s. Do. Vegetable.

Smith's Ballamic Lip Salve of Roſes, for giving a moſt beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneſs and chops, and leaves them quite ſmooth, 2s and 4s per box.

His fine coſmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughneſs, and leaving the ſkin ſmooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paſte, for waſhing the ſkin, making it ſmooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions, 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teet and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to he complexion; likewiſe his Vegetable or Pearl Coſmetic, for immediately whitening the ſkin.

All kinds of ſweet ſcented Waters and Eſſences, with every article neceſſary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.-----Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb.

Smith's Circaſſia Oil, for gloſſing and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principle, to help the operation of ſhaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaiſter, 3s per box.

The beſt warranted Concave Razors, elaſtic Razor Strop Shaving Boxes, Dreſſing Caſes, Pen Knives, Sciſſars, Tortoiſe-ſhell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will not only have a ſaving, but have their goods freſh and free from adulteration, which is not the caſe with imported perfumery. Great allowance to thoſe who ſell again.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin

particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every deſcription, Prickley Heat, Redneſs of the Noſe, Neck Arms, &c.

Are effectually and ſpeedily cured by

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been adminiſtered by the proprietor for ſeveral years in Europe and America with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face. It is perfectly ſafe, yet powerful, and poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficatious remedy, and a valuable and almoſt indiſpenſable appendage to the toilet, infinitely ſuperior to the common traſh---Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roſes! Suffice it however to ſay, it has been adminiſtered to many thouſands in the United States and W Indies with the greateſt and moſt unparalleled ſucceſs, and without even a ſingle complaint of its inefficacy. A ſmall bottle at 75 cents will be found ſufficient to prove its value

Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and ſold at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 ront-ſtreet, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3.

FOUND on Monday laſt a POCKET BOOK, whoever has loſt the ſame may have it by proving property and applying at this Office. May 5. 1804.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND EDITED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 5 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.